

Lawyers Announce Undergrad Coming On Friday

Discovery of New Blood Serum Aid to Army Overseas

Special Means of Preserving Blood Indefinitely Has Been Discovered

TORONTO STUDENTS USED

350 Meds and Dents Donate Blood to be Sent to Old Country

TORONTO, Jan. 9 (C.U.P.).—Undergraduates of the University of Toronto can now give of their blood to serve their country at the front without even leaving the campus.

This fact has been made possible through the Department of Physiological Hygiene, which is using a special means of preserving blood to be kept indefinitely for use overseas.

It has long been known that "shock," a condition which frequently develops as a result of severe wounds, burns or fractures, may be offset if the patient has an early blood or serum transfusion. However, it has been impossible to store blood successfully for more than two weeks because the corpuscles disintegrate, and as a result many lives may have been needlessly lost.

But now the new blood serum should help to overcome the difficulties presented by time and distance through the fact that it may be kept indefinitely without losing its beneficial properties.

Already the Department of Physiological Hygiene has had a tremendously gratifying response on the part of 350 donors from Medicine and Dentistry, and already a considerable amount of the straw-colored, life-saving serum is ready to be sent to the Old Country for the treatment of casualties there.

But the aim of the department is to receive blood from one hundred donors a week, because the need of it will become greater as time goes on and the khaki-clad Canadians reach the battle front.

From each donor is painlessly drawn, in a few minutes, about half-a-pint of blood—an amount whose lack is not enough to curtail the students' activities for the day, and only half of that normally taken for transfusions.

Once the blood has been drawn it is allowed to clot and the serum drawn off to be pooled with other amounts of the same liquid in a cellophane bag four feet long and five inches wide. This tube is then hung up, and the water allowed to evaporate in order to "dry" the serum to one-third of its former volume, when it is bottled and ready for shipment overseas.

Because of the fact that not enough blood is drawn from any donor to hurt him, it requires five transfusions to treat one case of shock. Another point is that the serum is best when drawn two or three hours after eating because there is then less fat in the blood stream.

SPRING PLAY GOES TO CALGARY FIRST

Under the direction of Emery Jones, the Spring Play, "Three Corners Moon," has been cast. The nine actors who have been selected are now occupied with memorizing lines and putting polish on their characterizations.

Most difficult role is that of the screwball mother, Ma Rimplegar, played by Naomi Lang. Betty Stewart as her daughter Elizabeth appears in all action in the play, excepting a very little scene.

The plot is centered around a Russian refugee family. They own a fortune of 100,000, but the mother gives it to a cine man whose name she cannot remember. From here the family goes from bad to worse. Kenneth, the eldest son, comes home from Harvard with nothing but a Harvardian accent and an ability to spend money. He is played by Tommy Hyland. His two brothers are Ed and Doug, played by Dick Matthews and Cyrus Pow.

Dr. Stevens, Jim Saks, takes the part of the family doctor, who tries to save them from starvation and insanity, and Donald, Pat Folinsbee, is a young author who moved in on the Rimplegars.

Frances Gust as Kitty is pursued by the two younger Rimplegars, and Jenny, the Scandinavian maid who rules Ma Rimplegar, is Doris Holburg.

The people chosen present so wide a range of character types that one would think they came from the four corners of the earth. Such a diversity of individuals is necessary in a play of this nature.

The whole play is rather crazy, but it should be enjoyable. Date set for its performance is: Calgary, Feb. 9 and 10, and Edmonton, Feb. 16 and 17.

Varsity Janitor Called For Service

Last Friday afternoon marked the departure of a well known figure about the campus, when "Scotty" MacLean, head janitor of the Arts and Medical buildings, left his post on short notice to report for duty on the Canadian Navy.

"Scotty," as he is known to everyone, leaves the University after a service of twelve years. He has held his position of head janitor for the last year, and was second head janitor for several years previous.

During the first Great War Mr. MacLean saw service with the Royal Navy, and at the time of his discharge he held the rank of Petty Officer. He is uncertain as to what his present duties will be, but hopes to become Ordnance Artificer.

When interviewed by The Gateway, Scotty was busily clearing up last minute details preparatory to leaving. A few minutes before, in a brief ceremony, Scotty was the recipient of a Ronson lighter and cigarettes, farewell gifts of the members of his staff.

Saskatoon Team Here Next Week For Cup Debate

Macdonald and Schumiatcher to Meet Saskatchewans in Con Hall, Friday Next

MCGOWN TROPHY AT STAKE

Second Alberta Team Travels to Manitoba—Resolution to Decide Future of Civilization After War

"Resolved that the creation of the United States of Europe at the end of the present war would be most conducive to a permanent and lasting European peace" will be the topic under fire when debate for the McGown Trophy opens in Convocation Hall, Friday, Jan. 19.

Debate team from the University of Saskatchewan will arrive next week to do battle with the Green and Gold duo. This is the second successive year that Alberta has met Saskatchewan here. Last year, Cleo Mowers and Gordon Blair defeated Burt Ayre and Jack Brennehan.

On the home front, Alberta will be represented by Morris Shumiatcher and Bruce Macdonald. They will undertake the negative side of the resolution. At the same time, Johnny Maxwell and Samuel Epstein will speak on the affirmative in Winnipeg against a team from the University of Manitoba.

Names of the visiting team from Saskatchewan have not yet been disclosed.

Each debater is to be allowed twenty minutes for his main speech, and five minutes for rebuttal. Names of the three judges will be released in a few days.

IOLANTHE SWINGS INTO LAST PRODUCTION STAGE

Sixth successive year of the production of Gilbert and Sullivan by the University Philharmonic Society is gradually taking form, under the capable hands of Atha Paul andrews, Thomas Dalkin and G. E. Kevin.

The presentation this year is "Iolanthe," a Gilbert and Sullivan production. Local showing of Iolanthe will be in Convocation Hall the evenings of January 26, 27, with a matinee on the 27th. The following week the company will travel to Calgary.

The total company will comprise more than one hundred persons. In addition to the principals, there will be a chorus of about fifty voices, a symphony orchestra of over thirty, and a band of electricians and stage hands.

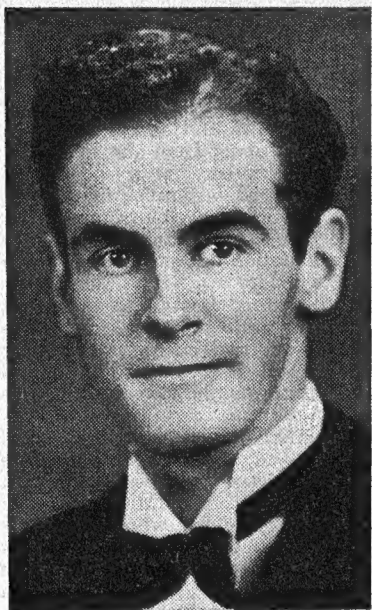
Veterans of past seasons, the officials this year are well known. They are Law graduate Atha Paul Andrews, conductor; Thomas Dalkin, dramatic director; and G. E. Kevin, singing director.

Members of the executive in charge of production are: President Neil Davidson, Business Manager Don McCormack, and Secretary Allan McQuarrie.

FLASH!

Watch for Friday's Gateway, at which time a special hockey issue will be published to welcome the University of Manitoba team. Full coverage of pre-series hockey news will appear. And don't forget the two intercollegiate games Friday night and Saturday afternoon between the visiting Manitobans and the Golden Bears. Be sure to support to the full this hockey extravaganza which will bring the Brown and Gold to this campus for the first time in many years.

PHILHARMONIC



Neil Davidson, President of the Philharmonic Society, who with the aid of his executive, is in charge of the production of "Iolanthe" later this month.

DRAMATIC



Vincent "Tommy" Hyland, President of the Dramatic Society, promises tremendous success with Varsity Spring Play, "Three Corners Moon."

Vitamin "A" Expert Down With Cold, Tsk!

"Dr. Pett has a cold!" an animated Freshman exclaimed as he burst into The Gateway office.

"Well, what's news about that?" a sophisticated Sophomore sneered. "Everyone has a cold these days."

"Yes, but Dr. Pett is the man who has been giving all those vitamin A tests."

"What's that?" questioned the Tuesday editor, "did you say that Dr. Pett has a cold? Say, that's news. Did you all hear that? Dr. Pett has a cold."

"Dr. Pett has a cold!" the Editor-in-Chief exclaimed. "Someone cover it!"

The Gateway office was left in a swirl of dust as the staff leaped on to the Med Building. From there it was every man for himself. Your reporter soon found himself on the third floor, and from there everything was easy. All he had to do was to follow the red arrows marked "Vitamin A Test." Down the corridor, turn to the right, through a lab and there you are. At least, that's where I was.

"Dr. Pett," he questioned, "is it true that you have a cold?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I have a cold. But," he added, "not because I lacked vitamin A. People can be normal in vitamin A and still get colds. There may be other dietary factors responsible. No one pretends to believe that a lack of vitamin A is the sole cause of colds. I got my cold through conducting an experiment in which I deprived myself of another kind of vitamin."

Then Dr. Pett told of the progress being made in his work. He said that he recently published a paper on vitamins in the Scientific Journal, and has received a great deal of correspondence concerning it. Several universities, including those in Southern California and Pennsylvania, have requested a vitamin A test machine in order to carry on research, and Dr. Pett is having several constructed. The machine now is in use and simpler and more compact than the one used when the Freshman class was tested.

Dr. Pett announced that he expects to re-test the Biochem class within the next two or three weeks.

PHILOSOPHY WILL HEAR CRAWFORD

Mary R. Crawford will address the next meeting of the Philosophical Society on "Problems of Social Progress." The meeting will be held in Med 142, Wednesday, January 10, at 8:15 p.m.

Miss Crawford is senior teacher of history at Victoria High School, and has been associated with the teaching profession for more than twenty years.

Ten years ago Miss Crawford visited the Dominion of New Zealand, and while there made an extensive study of education and more particularly of social conditions as they existed at that time. Her findings have formed the topic of many of the addresses that she has given to various organizations in the city.

Miss Crawford's interest in social reform caused her to take an interest in the work of the C.C.F., being provincial treasurer, and member of the National Council. She contested the last Federal election as a candidate for this organization in the West Edmonton constituency.

NOTICE

S.C.M. study groups resume their activities this week at the time and place arranged at the last meeting of the first term. Members are asked to turn out for the first meeting if at all possible.

Bears Whip Cardinals 6-3 In Rugged Game; Five Straight

Varsity Hold Edge in Play Over Dangerous Rivals—Moher's Coaching Shows Polish

Monday night at the Rink the Varsity Golden Bears continued to show their superiority in the Edmonton Intermediate Hockey League by beating the Army and Navy Cardinals by a score of 6-3.

Most of the action in the game was packed into the last period. The first period was somewhat ragged, but Varsity held a slight edge, and Dave MacKay, Varsity's star defenceman, scored about halfway through the period to give Varsity the edge. Dave was playing last night with an injured elbow, which he got in Saturday evening's game.

In the first period Mottershead, Cardinal's stellar goalie, was struck on the head with the puck, and had to leave the ice for repairs. He played out the remainder of the period, but was replaced in the last two periods by Eddie Williams. His loss undoubtedly helped in the Cardinals' defeat.

In the second period the play speeded up, and good hockey was produced. Varsity gathered three more goals, with Don Stanley sniping perfect goals, and Bell, Stark and Dave MacKay scoring. Dave's second goal came on a forward pass from Don Stanley that was the prettiest goal of the game.

Most of the action of the game was packed into the last period. Cardinals added two goals to the one they scored in the second period, and Varsity scored two more, from the sticks of Don Stanley and McDairmid. In this period the play was fast and hard, and tempers ran high. One Cardinal player collapsed on the ice after taking a heavy body check on his own blue line, and had to be carried from the ice.

Varsity's first line of Stanley, Felstead and Stuart played very effective hockey, and is without doubt the best line in the league. George Stuart played particularly effective hockey last night, and his checking was very good. Bud Chesney played his usual fine game, but he was robbed twice of sure goals by the goal-tending of the Cardinals netminder.

Gateway Office Spectacular Example Countless Press Bureaus in World Which Amaze Laymen

Many of the activities of a newspaper office appear queer to the casual observer, but at the present time, (the present time will be 11:30 at the sound of the beep), the Gateway (Beep) office probably tops any other institution of this kind on the continent. This article is exhibit "A" in the evidence.

Resembling in many ways a mob in Germany's famous Sportsplatz staff members and frequenters of Arts 151 (phone 31194 if you are interested) have a weird variety of amusements.

One screwball group delights in producing machine gun or heavy artillery sound effects on the office's typewriters. Manufacturers of these machines recently proposed armed guards to prevent sabotage, but intervention of government authorities preserved the freedom of the press. Freedom of the press is preserved in alcohol in the university newspaper museum in the north-east wing of the Arts Building.

All this is rather complicated, but not nearly so complicated as the

process of putting out the Gateway. Since the staff purchased a radio, the office looks like a holy-roller church service. Men clinging to picture rails, balancing on window sills or step ladders, string the maze of wires needed to make this infernal machine (resembles an Irish terrorist bomb) produce noise. Then when it does produce, it really gives out.

From such humming industry Gateway editors and reporters must have relaxation. Second scandal in the history of big league baseball occurred this fall, when the newsmen successfully turned back the challenge of the Law Club. Pingball team. Not since the infamous Chicago Black Sox threw the World Series to Cincinnati in 1919 has there been such an insurrection in the ranks. Two professional blockers from the Green Bay Packers were imported by the lawyers to run interference for their base-runners, but the Lex-nova pitching was so weak that sufficient co-operation of all arms was impossible. Just how crooked this fixture was, is evident in the fact that the Baylis Challenge Trophy

rests in the Law library, in spite of an overwhelming Gateway win. In four years time—or whatever length of time it takes these men to get their degrees, Alberta will turn out nine of the smartest shyder lawyers on the continent.

Psychology students who are planning to study mental abnormality at Ponoka this term, could get in a little preliminary investigation by observing the latest athletic invention of the fourth estate. Known as Can Rugby, it is definitely the screwiest diversion yet, and is scorned by all but a few of the most hopeless staff members. Gateway Gondollers will take the ice (spectators are of the opinion that they should take a powder instead) immediately following the Christmas holidays in order to get in the best possible condition for the annual series with their bitter rivals, the Faculty Falcons. Imports are barred this year, because of amateur regulations. (Falcons 11-3 win last year had nothing to do with this new rule.) Golden Bears hockey team will scout the series for goal prospects.

Four-Man Board of Strategy Release Details Novel Motif; Promise Military Atmosphere

Saks, Hyland, Reinhard, Williams Head Law Students in Program—Hope to Score Success and Top Last Year's High Standard

ATHABASKA HALL ON FRIDAY

No. 1 Edmonton Dance Band Led by Stan Inglis Will Be in Charge—Overcrowding to be Eliminated

Answering the call for general mobilization issued last Saturday, students of the University of Alberta will assemble in Athabaska Hall Friday, January 12, at 9 p.m., where they will participate in the general manoeuvres which will highlight the annual "Undergrad Dance."

Stan Inglis, the commanding officer, will direct a four-hour general offensive, and is confident that, though the battle may be fierce, there will be few, if any, casualties.

The "Intelligence Department," which includes T. V. Hyland, O. F. Reinhard, J. Saks, and C. B. Williams, has made an intense study of the Athabaska regions, and have prepared a program of action which is so unique that it is bound to succeed. The department has released an outline of the program for the benefit of those who answer the call to the colors:

1. F.T.—My Prayer.
2. F.T.—Comes Love.
3. W.—Merry Widow Waltz.
4. F.T.—Scatterbrain.
5. F.T.—Blue Orchids.
6. W.—Moderne—Stay in My Arms, Cinderella.
7. W.—Viennese—Tales from Vienna Woods.
8. F.T.—Begin the Beguine.
9. F.T.—Sunrise Serenade.
10. W.—Charmaine.
11. F.T.—Lilacs in the Rain.
12. F.T.—South of the Border.
13. W.—Neapolitan Nights.
14. The Salute.
15. F.T.—Moon Love.
16. F.T.—Hawaiian War Chant.
17. F.T.—St. Louis Blues.
18. "Dismiss."

The Athabaska region to which the University contingent is being sent will be heavily camouflaged and will guarantee the protection of the new recruits. Full details concerning the camouflaging are not available, as they are being kept a military secret.

Those enlisting may secure a Formal Military Pass in the basement of the Arts Building on Wednesday. These passes cost \$2.00, and must be presented to the sentry on the road to Athabaska. Members of all classes may apply for passes. There will be no order of preference.

Enlisters are warned to expect bombing attacks and the spreading of propaganda. However, gas masks will not be required.

A canteen will be installed, and rations will be served during the field activities. Special consideration is being given to the soldiers' diet and the supper, which will be served in the midst of the activities, promises to be "revolutionary."

The mobilized forces will be presented to the G.H.Q. staff, which will include Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. J. Weir, Mrs. M. M. McIntyre and Miss F. Dodd.

Note: The dance program has been selected with special care, with the enjoyment of the dancers constantly in mind. It promises to be "a dance for dancers." Never overcrowded, the Undergrad is being sponsored by the Law Club, and will be a dancer's paradise—an affair to be remembered.

ENGINEERS' BALL

Engineers are reminded that the second annual Engineers' Ball will be held in Athabaska Hall Friday, Feb. 2. This is one affair where Civils, Electricals, Miners and Chemicals get together, and promises to be as great a success as last year's ball. Tickets will be available to paid-up members of the E.S.S., and members are urged to keep this date open.

NOTICE

Men's Swimming Club

All good, moderate and poor swimmers are urged to turn out for the first practise of the year—Wednesday evening in the Y.W.C.A. at 8 p.m. Special course of training in advanced swimming starting immediately. New members are cordially welcomed.

BRUCE KEITH, President.

NOTICE

All men who wish to play inter-faculty hockey are asked to watch all bulletin boards for notice of practices.

L. WILSON, Pres. Men's Athletics.

Agriculture Dean Ill; Kerr Says No Appointment Yet

Dean Howes in Hospital Since Christmas—Just Finished Book

POPULAR WITH STUDENTS

New Appointment Will be Made by Board of Governors

"No appointment to the position of Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture, replacing Dean Howes, will be made until the first executive meeting of the Board of Governors," President W. A. R. Kerr told The Gateway Tuesday morning.

Dean Howes, who is seriously ill in Misericordia Hospital, under the care of Dr. Gordon Grey, has not been in good health since the beginning of the present University year, but it was not until two weeks before Christmas that he was finally forced to a sick-bed.

He has been occupied with his latest book, "With a Glance Backward," a story of pioneering in Ontario. The book reached the public shortly before Christmas.

Prominent in sporting circles, Dean Howes travelled to California with the Golden Bears hockey team last winter.

VARSITY STUDENTS BOYS' PARLIAMENT

Wildest and most hectic session of the Alberta Boys' Parliament since its beginning twenty years ago took place in the assembly chamber of the Legislative Building this Christmas vacation. Beginning with the defeat of the speech from the throne, the government, headed by Vernon Fawcett, was ousted by a non-confidence vote. It had held office for only one day.

Leader of the opposition Ernest Nix became premier, stealing the former government's thunder by making them vote against their own legislation.

This mixup resulted in so great a constitutional crisis that a cry for help was sent to Speaker Dawson and the Hon. Mr. Tanner of the Alberta Government, and to several of the most prominent legal eagles of the province. The whole nasty business was untangled, and Ernest Nix found himself at the head of a coalition government.

Both Ernest Nix and Vernon Fawcett are students at the University. The "parliament" is similar in organization to the Alberta Provincial Legislature. The same rules of procedure are in use. A benefit to its 42 members is the experience in parliamentary procedure and debating given them.

Boys' parliaments are organized throughout the world. They were conceived by Taylor Stetten and sponsored by the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training and the Y.M.C.A.

The Alberta "Parliament" is under the supervision of the Provincial Boys' Work Board. It is the oldest "parliament" to hold annual sessions in existence.

Nominated by this year's retiring government, Bob Torrence will be next year's premier, providing there are no more constitutional shake-ups.

Other members attending Varsity are Stewart Purvis, Frank Brisbin, and Bryce Rohrer.

Dr. Gowan of the University staff was the first leader of the opposition in the first boys' parliament.

Other students who have held seats in the body are Roger Flumerfelt, premier 18th session; Matt Davis, premier 17th session; and Neil German, speaker 18th session.

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POLITICAL SURPRISE

Dismissal of Leslie Hore-Belisha from his post as Secretary of War has come at an inopportune moment, and the mystery with which the Government is surrounding his resignation is creating an unfavorable attitude in the mind of the British public.

To have an important, apparently efficient cabinet minister ousted at any time without explanation is serious, but to have this occur when the Empire is facing the task of eliminating from Europe a grave menace is a blunder, at least so it appears at this stage.

Such an action, accompanied by no explanation, is enough to arouse doubts as to the unity of purpose in the cabinet, as Britain goes on with this war. For Joseph Goebbels and his vicious propagandists it is a great moral victory. Hore-Belisha is Jewish, and it is claimed by some sections in Germany that his ousting is indicative of a British peace-move, which was hindered by the Secretary of war. Imminent crumbling of the British Empire, dis-unity in British ranks, and any other catch-phrase which their vile tongue can manufacture. This sounds trivial and nonsensical to us, but to the regimented National Socialists, blinded by such foolish propaganda, it is a possible stimulus to bolster national security and German determination to carry on this war.

Russian newspapers already see the minister's resignation as an indication that Britain will continue to supply Finland and thus alienate the Soviets.

Since there has been no official comment on Hore-Belisha's resignation, one can only speculate as to the reasons. Rumors are flying thick and fast in Britain, and press indignation is mounting.

Most common rumor is that the prejudices of certain "brass hats" forced Neville Chamberlain to ask for Belisha's resignation. Disagreement with Lord Gort and Sir Edmund Ironsides is another strong possibility, and also argument with Winston Churchill over the latter's disclosure of the arrival of Canadian troops in Britain twenty-four hours before scheduled time.

Since taking over his position in 1937, Hore-Belisha has antagonized military leaders by modernizing the army. Several elder generals were replaced by younger men, conditions among enlisted men were improved, true democratic principles were instituted by giving all men equal opportunity to attain rank. Mechanization of the army is due to the efforts of the minister.

A great admirer of General Maurice Gamelin, Belisha placed the British Army in France under his command. Despite the fact that this co-ordination placed the allies in a position that they did not attain until 1917 during the last Great War, certain members of the British High Command, apparently feeling that their personal prestige was more important than the allied co-operation, resented this.

All this was so much fuel to the mounting fire of brass-hat antagonism and among the alleged "aristocracy" of England.

All this is now brought to the foreground, and to clear up the rumor and scandal which has accompanied the resignation, a detailed explanation should be forthcoming from the Prime Minister in an open session of parliament.

"NO PASSARAN"

Entirely unsuspecting, students returned from Christmas holidays unprepared for the barrage of examination results, results which left in their wake, horror and devastation. Sad faces, heavy hearts, replaced the gay, joyous countenances of the day before. Failure after failure, disappointment heaped upon disappointment crushed the remnants of the Christmas spirit.

This year, more than ever before, students have been flunked en masse. Failures have been recorded in cases where previously anything less than a second was considered poor; but the most amazing fact is that not only have students flunked, but flunked miserably.

Eighty per cent. of one class failed to make the grade, while in another course of approximately 140 students, 92 of these obtained less than 50%. Other courses have failed to show any better results, the consequence being that this term the number of students who have passed their examinations has reached a new low. Evidently something is drastically wrong.

Has there been a psychological change in the attitude of the students because of the war? Are professors making a stricter surveillance of examinations because they wish to prevent any slackness which might be brought on by the war? Are the students simply lazy? Or what is the matter?

University of Chicago, one of the great homes of football, has stopped intervarsity football. Students have been becoming too sports-minded, officials considered. Since the outbreak of war, several universities in Canada have curtailed athletics severely. University of Manitoba was until this week undecided as to their course in the matter. Another eastern university has quit senior hockey.

Is this to be the trend at the University of Alberta? Is it the wish of the faculty that students pay more attention than usual to their studies? If so, the Christmas exams were nothing but a straw vote, an indication to show which way the wind might blow.

If this is the purpose of the faculty, it is to be regretted.

It is true that the real aim of the University is academic, but during this time of world crisis and national emergency, as well as during normal times, should there not be a juste milieu, a happy balance which we as Freshmen were told should exist in every university? Is this to be sacrificed in favor of more arbitrary means of turning out canned students.

It is hardly likely that Grade A academicians will win this war for us. There must be physical fitness plus initiative; and all-around mental alertness is necessary to put an army on its feet.

Is it not possible that members of the C.O.T.C., over one-half of the men students, have sacrificed some of their time from their academic work, and have been devoting precious time to the study of the more real aspects of the war?

Extra-curricular activities form the background for a real college education; and a university without these would be a Chamberlain without his gamp.

We do not criticize the faculty if it so happens that the low standard of term examination results is the true situation among students. But mass disappointment has been so evident that we cannot help but ask these questions. It is quite apparent that students are of this one opinion, that their results are far less encouraging than ever before. If in the past these results have been bolstered for unknown reasons, and if now the true standard is being revealed, we must seek the reason for our own benefit. Finally, if the faculty has adopted "steam-roller" tactics, as so many students think, we cannot stand up and take it. We shall go down on our knees, seek pardon for our academic shortcomings, and shake the dust from unused books. We do not like to admit that the results have frightened us into a work campaign which should last until April; but in the face of facts, we must.

EDITORIAL SQUIB

Students are unanimous in considering a new motto for the University. Their substitute for "Quaecumque Vera" may be the result of war-time thinking, and it may not. We think not; but we hardly consider it necessary to explain to you why. The suggested slogan, one which is dear to the heart of every French soldier, and one which might become the one and only among Alberta students, is this, "On ne passe pas."

Bjones (sadly): "I wish I were dead."
Cuddlip: "What's the matter? Can't you marry her—or did you?"

Pretty Caller: "Can I see the manager?"
Fresh Clerk: "Yes. The manager always has time to see pretty girls."
Caller: "Well, then, tell him his wife is here."

Baby Ear of Corn—"Mama, where did I come from?"
Mama Ear of Corn—"Hush, dear, the stalk brought you."

We have just received a shipment of the NEW POCKET BOOKS, the best in English Classics—35c each.

NEW ZIPPER NOTE BOOKS, standard size—\$1.10 each.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

CORRESPONDENCE

Edmonton, Alta.,
Jan. 3, 1940.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir.—There is a little matter I would like to bring before the Wauneta Society. I know that none of us girls like to admit any interest in Leap Year (personally I always say that a little thing like it not being Leap Year would never stop me), but still the tradition lingers on. It is just possible that it still has its usefulness. So maybe some of us who are not so sure of our charms will be concerned with the special problem now facing us.

Since we women have allowed our men to get themselves in such a mess (if you really want to know how messed up they can get, read van Paassen's "Days of Our Years") that they are obliged to fight their way out, we are going to be obliged to fight over them. Who will take us to Proms or to shows, and eventually who will marry us if this thing keeps on? We've got to protest our "vital interests." There were thousands of women in England forced to be old maids because of the last war. It is all very well to say that this can't happen to you, but are you sure? What if all the boys you know are conscripted? We've got to face the facts. It is not a matter only for men. A little common sense from a lot of women might go a long way in this crazy world. Let's show the men how practical women really are, Waunetas. Let's strive to make this Leap Year and the one after a Happy Hunting Ground.

ANXIOUS SQUAW.

History Test Paper

- Which do you consider were the more alike, Caesar or Pompey, or vice versa. (Be brief.)
- Which came first, A.D. or B.C.? (Be careful.)
- Estimate the average age of:
 - The Ancient Britons.
 - Ealdormen.
 - Old King Cole.
- Give the dates of at least two of the following:
 - William the Conqueror.
 - 1066.
- Expostulate (chiefly) on:
 - The Curfew.
 - Gray's Energy in the Country Churchyard.
- Arrange in this order:
 - Henry I.
 - Henry II.
 - Henry III.
 (Do not attempt to answer more than once.)
- How would you dispose of:
 - A Papal Bull?
 - Your nephews?
 (Be brutal.)
- "An army marches on its stomach." (Napoleon.) Illustrate and examine.
- Account (loudly) for the success of Marshal Ney as a leader of horse.
- (a) "What a city to boot." Who said this, Wellington on Blucher or Flora McNightin-gown?
(b) Did anybody say, "I know that no one can save this country and that nobody else can?" If not, who did say it?

N.B.—Do not on any account attempt to write on both sides of the paper at once.

On Christmas Turkey . . .

When you sat down to a Christmas dinner did you stop to wonder where the turkey originally came from? There is a long history behind the scenes of his domestication, a history equally as interesting as that the captivity and breeding of the wild chicken from New Guinea. Many years ago, when the east was very young and the west had not even been heard of, the forefathers of our Christmas dinner wandered as wild birds over the whole eastern part of what is now the United States, and down into Mexico. He was in those days a gaily plumaged bird, rivaling his cousin, the peacock. But even as the vain peacock, his pride was his downfall; for instead of using his down, he flaunted his gaudy feathers before the hunter's flint and bow. The Indians and the early settlers of New England looked upon the surrounding forest as a veritable poultry yard, and frequently stocked their larder with unwary young gobblers. So many birds were killed, or captured for domestication, that those remaining wild became increasingly scarce.

New England was not the only place where these large game birds attracted attention. Mexican explorers early in the fifteenth century carried them back to Merry England, where they thrived with the rest of Britain under the rule of Queen Bess. It is from this stock of Mexican wild turkey that our present table variety has come. Whether or not they are solely of Mexican origin is uncertain; but it is likely that early English breeders mixed the strain with birds from New England.

So, when you next sit down to Christmas dinner, carve gently, for he is a royal bird.
E. C.

Three slightly deaf men were motoring from the north to London in an old noisy car and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city one asked, "Is this Wembley?"
"No," replied the second, "this is Thursday."
"So am I," put in a third, "let's stop and have one."

Mr. Editor:

New Year is traditionally a time for mental "stocktaking," for recapitulation and, most important, so I'm told, reformation. Whether this particular diatribe against my class in general is the result of honest mental processes or simply the psychological backfire from a rather alcoholic New Year I will, in all probability, never know, but such as it is I give you my opinion on that particular group of people known as University students, and for reasons that will be obvious I call it.

Flight From Reality

We are a curious band of souls, we University students—in undergraduate life we strut and swagger with our athletic letters or our fraternity pins, and as graduates we seek to sit apart from the herd and wear our degrees, not as a badge of honor, but as a symbol of superiority, feeling no doubt that the mysticism of that process we fondly call graduation has set us as a group apart.

As a group, we fail to take that annual mental inventory, we fail to chip a thin and cheap and tawdry veneer and look below it to the thing that stands revealed. As a group, we are certainly not students in the true sense of the word. Parrots, yes; even capable parrots in some cases, but few of us real students. We, Mr. Editor, are the original people for whom that expressive adjective "aparasitic" was coined. We are the pseudo-academic leeches, basking and thriving in a modicum of public esteem who aren't worth the proverbial "tinker's dam."

Perhaps at this point you will ask, what is the justification for all this vituperation? Perhaps some will even point to the fact that we work in the summer and save our money to help put ourselves through school, saying to themselves, "Is it not proof that the student is a worthy worthwhile citizen? The statement I know to be true, but a little reasoning will show the conclusion to be faulty.

To prove my case, may I use demonstration by example, and lest people think all this is written with an air of superiority, may I write this as my own story, and may I for the sake of clarity neglect the editorial "we"? After all this, I only ask your sympathy and indulgence.

Mr. Editor, I'm 23 years old, healthy and strong and capable of work, and yet for every single day and minute of my 23 years of existence I've been supported by my parents. I've worked summers, sure, and I've worked hard—it's the only work I ever have done, and each autumn I'm dying to get back to school that I can continue again my one man "flight from reality." On some of those jobs, Mr. Editor, I've saved money, and I've even been so big-hearted as to have paid part or all of my fees, and felt very smug into the bargain. Then, if I've been very good and very lucky, I have enough left over to buy a new suit and a shirt or two, and then I'm flat broke again and ready to start writing those old familiar letters home, saying, in a hundred different ways: "Dad, I'm broke, could you please let me have . . . and it's the same story. Sure, it's a fine thing to be getting a good education, but the next question is: Am I getting it? Well, I'll tell you; on a good day I may work eight hours, and on a bad day I won't work more than one. Then there comes the semi-annual day of reckoning when exams come up, and over the devil's brew of black coffee I start to plug and forget the various courses as they appear on the time-table. Then when it's all over, I retire to the local pub and drown my sorrows and ruin my stomach in a solution of beer and what have you. And so it goes, year in and year out, from Freshman through to Senior, not for one man only, but for a good percentage of the thousand odd undergraduates who roam these halls in search of just enough education that they may write B.A., LL.B., or some such thing after their names. Multiply all this by the number of colleges on our North American continent, and you soon see the way we are headed. We don't come to college in search of greater knowledge that we may help the less fortunate; we come here hoping that somehow we may get us an illegal head start over the fellow who didn't come; enable us to get an easier job with less work and more money than some other chap, if and when we have the guts to get out of short pants and meet the world as it is. We aren't running forward to success, as the valedictorian will probably tell us; we're in a head-long retreat, running from ourselves in a mass flight from reality.

Tennyson's Pembina Hall

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn; Leave me here and when you want me, sound upon the damned alarm.
'Tis the place and all about it, as of old the lectures call, Dreary gleams about the campus, dancing over Pembina Hall. Many a night from yonder stony casement, ere I went to rest Did I look on studded tuxes, slowly getting dressed. Many a night I heard the catcalls, rising through the mellow gloom. Made myself a blind date, and walked down to my doom. Here about the halls I wander, nourishing a broken heart, With the fairy tales of love, and the memory of that faithless tart. Damn him.
(With apologies and thanks to Alfred Lord Tennyson.)

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Going Down! - - -

"Been busy?" asked Ted as he walked into the elevator and stepped on the button in the corner so that the heavy door slid shut.

"Busy!" crowed Nick, who had started to rise out of his chair, but slouched back again when he saw who it was. "See these?" He held up his soiled, red palms that gaped through a crazy puzzle of grey cotton. He gave Ted time to whistle, and then went on: "These gloves were new at three o'clock, and white. Busy! But nothing the last half hour. There was too many people went out in the five o'clock checkout. Only about a hundred and fifty left in the house, I hear."

"Guess our honeymooners from Cuba haven't left yet," Ted said.

"Nope. Can you still smell his pipe? It's been about five minutes since they went up."

"Sure can," Ted sniffed. Ted had closed the gate, given the handle a shove forward and downward with his knee, and was now opening the gate and door again at the basement level.

"Anything for supper?" Nick queried.

"No, just raw hamburger and fish-eye pudding. I'd go over to Charlie's if I were you."

Nick groaned and rattled some silver as he gathered himself up out of the chair. "Goin' to use this car?"

"Yes, I think so. The gate's getting stiff on number five."

"Try pouring a little water in the groove," Nick suggested.

"Tried that this morning, but it didn't help very long."

"Oh well, it won't matter much. You're in for a quiet night," Nick consoled as he pulled open a fire-door and disappeared into mysterious shadows which hotel guests never see.

From the side pocket of his red serge uniform Ted drew his own white cotton gloves, started to put them on, paused, then folded them neatly and slipped them back into his pocket. Nobody would care tonight. He looked at his watch. Just six o'clock. Five hours this morning and six more tonight; yes, it would be a long shift!

The buzzer buzzed, and a red light appeared beside number nine on the call-board. That would be the Cuban honeymooners. He would be carrying their food, and they would talk back and forth in that quick, low-toned language that always made Ted feel as if he were listening in on their first quarrel. They would stride out of the car and down town to supper, or rather dinner, and they would come walking back again about nine. Yes, it was the right time: it would be the honeymooners. It was.

"Eight, seven, six, five—" Ted counted to himself subconsciously as he listened to the low voices that sounded as if they were quarreling; "two, one—Ground floor, please."

They strode out of the car and away toward the lobby. Well, the shift had started.

There was a ten-minute pause, and then a call from the third floor. That would be—well, that might be almost anybody. It was a peppery old lady with a striped coat and buck-teeth.

"Are you enjoying the mountains, Ma'm?" Ted ventured by way of allaying the shudder which he felt building itself up inside him.

"Yah, the buck-teeth leered, "I was out this afternoon. Positively exquisite! I think they are much nicer than Switzerland in many ways, don't you think?"

Ted started to explain that he had never been in Switzerland, but the hag broke in: "Say, how far is it down town from here?"

"About a mile, Ma'm."

"Oh, I see, depending on how fast you walk," she waddled away while Ted muttered, "Yes Ma'm."

After a while the people started coming down for dinner. First came the debutante with the purple lips and the scarlet toe-nails and a mother. When the car dropped downward suddenly, she squealed and reached for her stomach.

"Sorry," Ted apologized, "does it bother you?"

"Oh, no! I like it!" she purred. "Don't you think his red hair is just adorable, Mother?"

Ted grinned, and his face waxed the color of a Macintosh apple. He was glad they had reached the first floor, and as the girl tripped coyly out of the car he glanced disapprovingly at her painted toe-nails and her gown that was, he decided, indecently low-cut and snug and thin. You have to watch these headdresses!

Next was a youngish woman with a little boy who looked very uncomfortable in his white dinner-jacket.

"Hey ma, do I hafta wear this tie?" he complained as he slipped one finger under his collar and gave it a yank. "It's just about choking me."

"Sh-sh, Jimmy. You didn't comb your hair after all!" In spite of his protests that he had, she produced a comb from her shiny little purse and proceeded to use it on his unruly wig.

"Ma, do I hafta wear this coat all the time? I'm awful hot."

"Of course you do. You don't want everybody to know you're a farm boy, do you?"

"But I ain't, ma. Least I won't be if you an' Mr. Howard—"

"Sh-sh, Jimmy!—Here, you're always supposed to let the lady go first."

Then came the "titmouse and the bald eagle, as the boys had named them. She was young and little and her hair was the color of pulled taffy; he was tall and broad-shouldered, and had not a hair to his head. She was gowned in grey satin; he wore a light grey dinner-jacket and cream-colored pants. Ted did not have to look to know that she was standing with one hand slipped beneath each lapel of the grey jacket, or that she was looking up into the eagle eyes beneath those bushy white eyebrows. They never did show any sign of noticing that there was anyone else in the car, except that they lowered their voices and Ted could only get snatches of what they were saying: "But honey . . . suspect? . . . that letter . . . no, why should they? . . . find out! . . . Just as he opened the door for them there was a buzz from the fifth floor, and he said, "Going up, please," but the woman who hustled into the car said that she wanted to go down. "To the ground floor, Ma'm?" Ted asked as he started downward.

"Oh, did I say down! I meant up."

As they passed the fourth floor, Ted asked, "How far up, Ma'm?"

"I want the floor where the dining room is."

"That's the floor you were on, Ma'm."

"Was it? Well, take me down again then."

But before taking her down again, Ted stopped to pick up the call on five. It was a pudgy, pug-nosed, dark little woman who asked for the dining room and then said, "How many rooms are there in this hotel?"

"About six hundred and forty, Ma'm."

"Seex hundred and for-ty, hah!—How many?"

"Six hundred and forty."

"Bot loo-ook," and she held up her room-key, "I have nobair saven hundred 'n' seexty mine-salf!"

Ted was going to explain, but thought better of it and merely said, "First floor, please, dining-room to your right."

At seven o'clock, as usual, the little old lady with the long coat and the hat that fitted like a kettle came in and wanted to go up to her room on third. When Ted stopped at the first floor to pick up a gentleman from Virginia, however, the lady coughed, covered her nose with her handkerchief, and scurried out of the car shrieking, "Cigarette! cigarette!"

Ted sighed, and the Virginian asked, "What ails her?"

"Oh, just a phobia," Ted explained. "She thinks cigarette smoke is poison gas. She has all the cracks around the doors and windows in her room lined with felt so that it can't get in."

"Interesting," the gentleman murmured as he blew a smoke-ring, but Ted grunted, "Nuisance!"

After a while dinner was over, and the people started to migrate upstairs again. Along came the girl with the toe-nails, this time without her mother.

"Say, do you ever dance in the ballroom?" she inquired.

"No. We aren't allowed to."

"Ever swim?"

"Sometimes," he answered non-committally. These headdresses are dynamite.

"How about tomorrow afternoon?"

"We aren't allowed in the pool in the daytime. Besides, I'll be working."

"What a pity. Say, would you like a drink? Our room is just around the corner here."

"Thanks, but I can't leave the elevator," and Ted let the sliding door terminate that conversation. You have to watch yourself with these headdresses.

At ten minutes to nine the Cuban couple came back, rode up to the ninth floor, and said goodnight. At nine the concert started in the hall adjoining the elevator space, but it was the same as ever: Lehmann, Mozart, Strauss, Schumann, Herbert. Why couldn't they get something new! Just as the soprano was finishing her first number, the couple from New Orleans came along and wanted to go up to the fourth floor.

She, who was very tall and blonde and wily-looking in her smooth red gown, spoke to Ted in a tone that was almost a challenge: "Say, Bud, what's 't'd, 'rahnd hea 't' nait?"

"Well, there's the concert."

"Listen 't' that dame squeal! Ah c'n thinka bettah things'n that m'self, can't you, Danny?"

Danny, who was very round and dark and wore a green tie, nodded.

About nine-thirty the Texas multi-millionaire with the black cane rode up to the third floor, and a minute later two big silent chaps went up to the third also. One had a scar across his cheek, the other, the taller one, a slight limp, and each had an ugly bulge under the left armpit.

"Bodyguard," Ted thought, "or maybe—." But his job was to run the elevator, not to worry about multi-millionaires.

At ten the concert was over, and the young folks gravitated towards the ballroom, the old ones to their rooms. For four or five trips the car was full, and each time Ted went through the same variety of intonations and inflections with his voice so that his "Goodnight" would not sound stale and mechanical to the last party to leave the car. There was no reason why he should have concerned himself with the feelings of the guests—it never made any difference—but then a fellow has to do something to amuse himself in a job like this. The car was full when the dear old German lady got off at the third floor, and so Ted substituted "Goodnight" for his usual "Gute Nacht," and the lady replied in English. "That's what will do," Ted thought. "People even get so they are afraid to speak their own language."

When the rush was over he was called to the fifth floor, and there found the maid of "rich bitch" Black, with a jar of marmalade in her hands. She asked him to open it, and when he did, after some little trouble, she thanked him graciously and turned away. "Well!" Ted muttered. "The old girl can't afford to pay room-service for her toast and jam!"

By this time all the dancers had come down, the heiress with the toe-nails, the couple from New Orleans, and all the rest. Ted had settled back in his chair and was dozing off when he heard someone coming. He stood up just as a little brunette stalked into the car followed closely by a tall Adonis in cream flannels.

"Six, please," boomed Adonis.

"Four," said the brunette.

"But you could at least have said something," he stormed at her.

She spun round. "How could I have said a thing? What could I have said? You didn't give me a chance."

"I think you did it deliberately. I think—"

"Oh, who cares what you think! I certainly don't."

"Goodnight," he blurted, with the accent on "night."

She tutted and smiled sweetly, to sweeten, "Goodnight, Mr. Alder." When the door slid shut, Mr. Alder said, "Take me back down," Ted did.

A few minutes later there came a middle-aged couple, whom he did not recognize, accompanied by a little boy and girl who had come down from the sixth floor earlier in the evening and had told Ted that their home was in Connecticut. "Going up, please, to the sixth floor," Ted announced as the party

Prizewinners

2nd PRIZE

We had a tea party for our dolls, I guess; anyway a lot of the girls I know brought their dolls to my house and we pretended they were real people. One girl sort of pulled the leg off one of my dolls but I didn't care much since I later beat the hell out of one of hers. Flossy had a big doll which said "Mama", and also a couple of dirty words when she was turned upside down and shook. Some other girls tried to get around this by putting their dolls down in the conservatory and getting behind some old bushes we have out there. Then they would yell dirty words and make out as if the dolls were saying them. This didn't fool anybody, but there was some laughing so it was all right. Our dog tried to bury most of the teacups in the garden after the party. Maybe he thought they were bones. Anyhow, he certainly disgorged those good old cups in a hurry when we pounded his stomach with some old dolls we had lying around.

—Diana de St. Quailmonger
Aged 10.

3rd PRIZE

On Hallowe'en the butler put a lot of fodder and pumpkins and stuff in the big ballroom so it was awful spooky and looked just like a field except for the chandeliers. There were a lot of fairies, ghosts, and scary things, especially this bogey man who kept coming out of the downstairs lavatory and trying to scare everybody. Wally and I finally caught him between the yese with a small pumpkin and he went tearing back into the pantry pretty fast and didn't come out for a while. You see, I knew it was Daddy all along. Wally said he thought it was some sort of joke, but I didn't see anything funny about it and said I thought it was kind of silly for a grown man to be running around that way like he was a goblin or something. Anyway the most fun come when we started throwing the fodder and some old sandwiches that were lying around. Boy, they went all over and boy, was it a mess.

—Townsend Tarbox, 3rd, Aged 9.

HONORABLE MENTION

At my party we played a game called "Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey." Of course, there wasn't a real donkey, only one drawn on a sheet. Somebody thought it would be a good plan to pin a tail on my kid brother as he is sort of a fruit-cake anyway, but I put the bee on this since the chances are a pin would not feel so good and also there was this perfectly good donkey they could pin tails on all they wanted to. We also had some charades and somebody acted out "mouse" so real that a bunch of genial cats whipped down out of the rafters and started banging around through the crowd. Most of these fine animals had shot their bolt by 10 p.m., so we trusted up their hindquarters and stuffed them into the ventilators. Then everybody went home as the donkey already had more tails than was feasible, and the cats were beginning to decompose so it was sort of unpleasant.

—LaMarr Pauncefoot, Aged 14.
—Harvard Lampoon

To die in room, squat, small and square, While seems the breathing clammy air, To boil the beaded sweat on brow; Whose only thought is—how To scape to fields so fresh and green Where hidden in a grassy screen— A chuckling brook to bathe my head And lift my mind from feet of lead.

I never learned to look about Where sat my fellow man And from his face relieve my doubt That he knows not what he's about; To look so deaf and mute content On dusty battered book intent And work from dawn to evening dust, His mind somewhat alive—but body —rust!

—A Student-Law.

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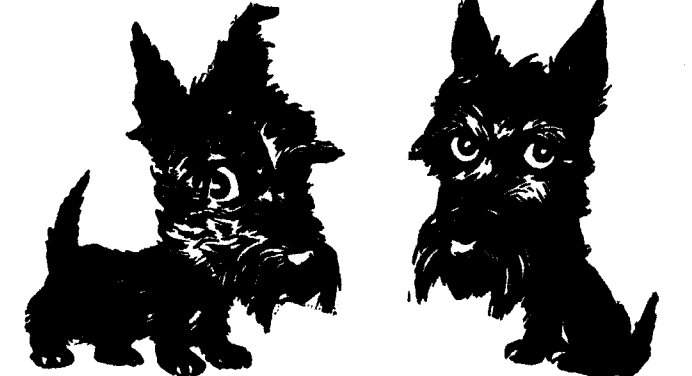
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BEARS MEET AURORAS TONIGHT

Bears Victorious in Opening Games of New Year; Shellack Welders and Local Garrison

Victories Put Varsity Way Out in Front in Intermediate League Race—Cards Fall Behind

Fighting hard for goals right up to the final bell, the University of Alberta Golden Bears snowed the Medico Welders under 15-3 in an Edmonton Intermediate hockey league game at the Varsity arena Wednesday night.

Defenceman Dave MacKay returned to the Bears after several weeks with the Flyers of the Alberta Senior League, and roared through the Welders for six goals and two assists.

Well tuned up after relieving for Harry Brown on the Flyers, MacKay was just as effective in racing through the Welders as he was when he fell back to his defence position.

The Medico squad held their own during the first 10 minutes. Costigan and MacKay, in a smooth combination play, scored on them, but the count was quickly evened when Hefferman, aided by Playing Coach Jimmy Anderson, broke through for a counter.

MacKay Counted

At the 7-minute mark in the first period MacKay notched his first goal on an assist from Bud Chesney. He clicked twice again, once unassisted, and once again with Chesney, to leave the score at the end of the first period 4-1.

Four minutes after the opening of the second period MacKay scored again on a solo play. Retiring to defence position for a while, he left some of the scoring to the forwards. Costigan and Stuart chalked up a goal apiece on assists from Chesney and Stanley, while Felstead was in the penalty box for high-sticking.

The Welders staged a rally in the waning moments of the period, as Hefferman and Munro, capitalizing on hard-fought power plays behind their blue line, broke away for a goal apiece.

This was the only time when Goalie MacDonald was seriously menaced during the game. The Bears became a little careless defensively as they scrambled to get more goals.

Stark and Chesney combined to score a goal, sandwiched between the goals scored by the Welders.

Hansen of the Welders received a penalty in the opening moments of the third frame. When he was off the ice, Costigan, set up by his teammates Stanley and Stuart, hung up the Bears' ninth goal.

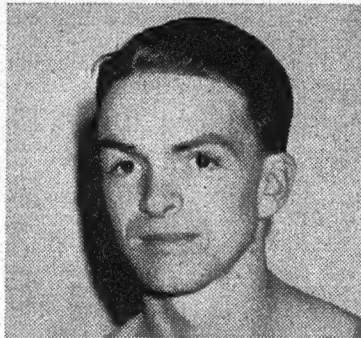
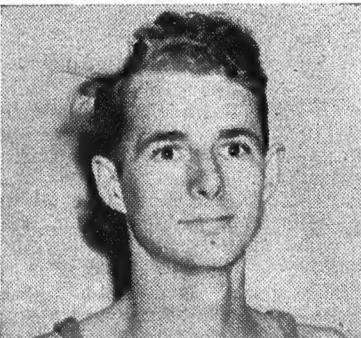
The Welders made a determined effort to rally, but the Varsity squad broke up all their scoring plays as soon as they had crossed the blue line.

The Bears were wild for goals, playing four and five men up in the last moments of the game. MacKay chalked up two more goals on assists, and assisted, along with Stanley, on Melstead's first counter. Stark, McDermid and Felstead all tallied in last minute rushes, to run the score up to 15.

Greg MacDonnell, in the U. of A. nets for the first time, showed up well, but most of the Medico plays were broken up by the MacKay-Stark-Magnot line before they reached him.

Lineups
GOLDEN BEARS—MacDonnell; MacKay, Stark, Costigan, Lambert;

BASKETEERS


TOM PAIN

EARL DIXON

Tom Pain and Earl Dixon, Commerce representatives, who are members of Jake Jamieson's Golden Bear basketball team, which meets Henderson's Auroras tonight.

City Senior Basketball Loop Launches Campaign; Opening Game Tonight, Bears in Action

Auroras and Varsity Will Spot Other Teams 15 Points

City League, composed of Auroras (Arnold Henderson), two Y.M.C.A. teams (intermediates), Varsity Bees (coached by Brother Azarius), and Varsity Seniors, will get under way Tuesday night with a game between Auroras and Varsity Seniors. Auroras, incidentally, were provincial champs last year.

This year the Auroras and Varsity Seniors will spot each of the other teams 15 points.

The complete schedule for the Edmonton City League will be published early next week.

A preliminary game will be played at 7:30 p.m. between the Edmonton Commercial Grads and the Grad Cubs. The Grads will be accepting a handicap of 50 points in their league, composed of themselves, the Gradettes, the Grad Cubs, and Varsity Co-eds.

Admission to tonight's game is by A cards. Two real good games are assured all comers. With the Grads spotting the Grad Cubs 50 points, spectators are assured an exciting game.

SPORT SLANTS

By

DON JACQUEST

The talk of the campus seems to be concentrated on the quality of the performance turned in by the Bears in their last three league games. But outstanding, of course, were the showings of Defencemen MacKay and Costigan and Centre Bud Chesney. In Wednesday's game alone these three picked up 16 points.

* * * * *

Also on Wednesday we saw for the first time Greg MacDonnell guarding the nets for the Bears. His game, while far from being sensational, was steady and safe. In fact, we can expect Varsity cages to be in better hands than they have been for some years at least. Greg is the only representative of the Law faculty. He played his first college hockey at St. Francis Xavier University.

* * * * *

A heavy two months of sport activity lies ahead for Alberta athletes. Schedules of game in the Intercollegiate Hockey and Basketball leagues have been drawn up and will be released as soon as they have been confirmed by the athletic boards of U. of S. and U. of A. as well as Manitoba's A.B.C.

* * * * *

Before we get off the subject of hockey altogether, we would like to remark on one thing which struck us Wednesday night, and we don't mean the blocks of wood that some cheerful Freshman was heaving playfully around. We were asked who was this player and that, Varsity players mind you, and here were students who didn't know their own players. We would like to suggest therefore that the proper authorities should see to the construction of some sort of sign, large enough to be read. On it would be placed the names and numbers of the Varsity players. It would cost very little, and some means of identification of players is necessary.

* * * * *

It was announced Friday that an arrangement is expected to be made with the University of Saskatchewan whereby the Bears and Huskies will travel to the coast alternate years. This means that the Bears will definitely be going to Vancouver next fall.

* * * * *

For the first time in many years the University of Alberta Swimming Club will play host to the teams representing the universities of Saskatchewan and Manitoba in a swimming meet to be held some time in February in the Y.W.C.A. pool over-town.

* * * * *

It seems that a number of ski enthusiasts of the Outdoor Club had a fine time up at Sunshine over the holidays. They had had, up to that time, 17 feet of snow in that region, so you can well imagine that the skiing conditions were as fine as they make them.

* * * * *

We learned just before press time that the Bears basketball team swings into action against Arnold Henderson's Auroras in the opening of the Edmonton Basketball League tonight.

BUTCH MacKAY



Dave "Butch" MacKay, who led the University of Alberta Golden Bears to the leadership of the Intermediate League Monday night.

Theatre Directory

CAPITOL THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Jan. 10, 11—"We Are Not Alone," with Paul Muni and Jane Bryan; Fri., Sat., Mon., Jan. 12, 13, 15—"Elizabeth and Essex," with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.

RIALTO THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 10, 11, 12—Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton in "Dodsworth," and Charles Bickford and Doris Nolan in "One Hour to Live."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Jan. 11, 12, 13—Jean Hersholt in "Meet Dr. Christian," and Laurel and Hardy in "The Flying Deuces."

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 10, 11, 12—Merle Oberon and Ralph Richardson in "The Lion Has Wings."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri., Sat., Jan. 11, 12, 13—Edward G. Robinson in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy."

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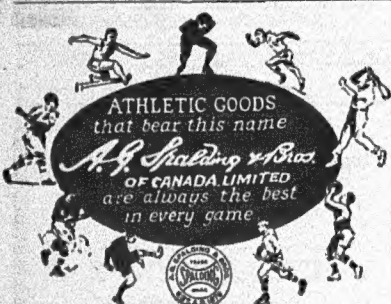
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